

The Coming Day.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

THE SUFFERING SERVANT OF GOD, AS THE REDEEMER AND BEARER OF ANOTHER'S WOE.

A SERMON BY J. L. MACBETH BAIN.

Isaiah liii.

It is one of the profoundest facts in the working of the universe that one soul can suffer for the sins of another soul. The soul that is capable spiritually receives the high calling of becoming a burden bearer—the bearer of the sorrows and sins of another; he becomes initiated into the high honour of the service of suffering—the order of the great servant of man—the Christ order.

How is a soul rendered fit for such work? The choicest of men and women, they who are most sensitive, most highly developed and most refined, spiritually, they who are gifted with the fullest and the tenderest love for all creatures, are called upon to pass through great sorrow or tribulation in their career on this earth. That they should have to pass through this sorrow and suffering is the natural result of their being constrained to abide in the present state of material circumstance. It is not possible for a pure soul to pass through human life, as the human order is at present conditioned, without suffering. Such is the undeveloped state of mankind, its life is enacted amid such gross and painful conditions, that, to the sensitive and compassionate soul, suffering is unavoidable. Our creation, as yet, groans and travails in pain. It is a period of blood and sweat. It is a time of anguish and rending; we are still passing through a phase of woe and suffering in the upward course of the spiritual evolution of the race.

The forces of the self-loving animal, the instincts of the kind-devouring brute, the principles of brother-sacrificing selfishness, are still active and predominant in humanity. Nor can we get away from the fact. This grinding and crushing of the feeble, this rending and devouring of the weak, this fratricidal out-pouring of the blood of the brother, is of the order of the day, is of the present will in nature; and we cannot get away from it until we have run through our woeful period of bloodshed in the upward course of the yet unregenerate nature.

But, when sensitive, pure and loving souls are born into this woeful state, and are constrained to pass a life-time in the midst of it, we can well understand what the nature of their suffering must be. For such souls to be compelled to witness scenes of cruelty, of misery, and of woe, is indeed pain and suffering of the keenest order. For such, the very food they eat is poisoned by the knowledge that many of their fellows are dying for want of the bare necessities of life. Their enjoyment of the pure air and the lovely scenery of the country is embittered by the knowledge that to millions of their brethren these natural rights, even fresh air, and the soul-inspiring presence of the hills and the creatures of the fields, are denied.

This suffering of the sensitive and pure Christ-soul is not lost in the cause of the suffering. It is a voice of yearning, an appeal, it may be unuttered in words, yet, nevertheless, an appeal to the power of the universe—to God, the Creator, the Disposer of all things. It is a prayer than which none can be more potent to the all-loving, all-intelligent soul of the universe for the coming of a better state of things, and in as much as will is the great power that works in creation, and as the will of love in the suffering servant of love must be one with the will of God, who is love, this yearning cannot fail to work its good work. These tears of anguish are not shed in vain, the cry of the suffering soul cannot fail to enter the ear of God. Indeed, we may well go further, and say, that the voice, mute and even unintelligent, of the poor victims of the present state, is a mighty power towards the progress of the race. The soul of God is in all

creatures, and is uttered by all creation, and that suffering soul cries not in vain for its redemption from the woes of the undeveloped order. The spirit of love is moved with a profound compassion for its suffering offspring, and it tarries not on the way of rescue.* This voice of the anguish of Creation moves it to the centre, and it must go forth from the eternal Heaven of calm, and enter the state of the woeful, in order that it may redeem by the power of its love. And how is this effected?

It finds its instruments of redemption in those souls whom it has already prepared for the work, it may be, as we have said, by manifold tribulations, or, it may be by long and varied experiences in past states of being. These are the riper, the more fully developed souls of humanity, and they are known by their sensitiveness, their purity and strength of motive, their simplicity or openness of heart, their exceeding richness and abundance of love. (For love alone can redeem from evil. Love alone has the power of spirit for such work.) These are the Christ-souls, these are they who have attained through manifold provings of their quality in tribulations unto the high degree of the white robed. These are now the sons of God inasmuch as they have become truly sons of man. And, thanks to God, they are not one nor two, but many; yea, an exceeding great company, ever ready to do the will of redeeming love, into whatsoever state of being, spiritual or material, they are sent. They are missionaries of the Most High, sent forth to do His will,—they are the angels or messengers of God hasting with great zeal and intense desire to do the Word of God that speaks in them. For love so burns within that they cannot but do the behest of love, otherwise the flame would consume their very substance.

Herein then is the principle of redemption, and the general order of its working. This Love-soul, this one who is anointed with the holy chrism of the Divine compassion, finding itself impelled by the love of God in it for the suffering creation, must seek the blessedness, the uplifting, the vitalizing, the spiritualizing of the kindred soul, who is as yet bound in misery and encompassed with evil. This is the order of its life, and it cannot do other-

wise. It must flow towards that abyss of darkness, that deep of woe,—and the more profoundly the object of its quest is plunged in evil, the deeper must it enter that state of gloom and despair. In doing so it must, according to the inviolable working of the laws of Nature, share in the sorrow, take upon itself the griefs, and bear the woes of that soul. It feels its pain, its misery, its despair; it feels the load of its evil; it may even enter into the sufferings of the guilty conscience.

This Christ-soul, though it be essentially a child-nature, inasmuch as it is only a creation of love, is, nevertheless, quite cognisant of what it undertakes. It knows the sorrow of the work of redemption, and the heavy sadness arising therefrom may often possess it and shadow its expression. Yet it does not consider what the loss, or what the pain, or what the spiritual risk may be to it, in coming into such a sphere of being. It is not of the order who calculate the pros and contras of an enterprise. It counts not the cost, but zealously throws itself away, as it were, in the abundance of its self-forgetting, self-sacrificing, self-renouncing love. Being eager only to do the work of the Redeemer, it enters, as it were, the very body of woe and disease, in order that it may quicken and regenerate its substance by sowing there of the seed of the divine life. An all essential quality of the Christ-soul is the utter abandonment and renunciation of self. No thought of self can enter in any way into the divine work of redemption. For if there be any thought of self, it is not a work of perfect love, it is not a divine movement. And the sadder the state of the soul that calls on love, the profounder its deep of misery, the blacker its stains of sin, the more unworthy of redemption it appears to be to the eye of man, so much intenser is the flame of this holy love, so much stronger is the desire to save, so much more mighty is the will to bless, and so much more ardent is the affection of the whole soul's emotion towards it.

By this sin-bearing work of a divine compassion, the servant of God does undoubtedly, to a certain extent and in a certain way, relieve the poor, burdened soul of its load. This is a very subtle

doctrine and demands most careful consideration, because, from its imperfect comprehension, a very serious error has vitiated the popular faith of Christendom. As we all know too well, an innocent victim is made the scapegoat for the bearing of the penalty which is absolutely 'demanded as a sacrifice to satisfy the divine justice' of the righteous and all-loving Father. But this immoral, 'pound of flesh' doctrine is only the carnally-minded view of a profound truth, which, in passing through the corrupt medium of the degraded, selfish and coarse imagination of the undeveloped and semi-barbaric mind, has become transformed into a blasphemy against God, and a cloak of lies where-with selfish man has found it convenient to cover himself from the consequences of his sin. But when the sin-consuming love of God begins its work of purification as a fire in the soul, then will it be found to be only a delusion and a snare. For, every soul that retains the alloy of the old, self-loving animal-man, must, in virtue of the sin-consuming love of God, pass through the fires of purification until this unholy element be found no more in its substance, until the utmost farthing of self has been paid to the divine ideal of purity. This penalty you and I must pay, either here or here-after, and no other can pay it for us.

This digression has been necessary on the negative side of the subject. Let us return to the outlook on the position from the positive point of view of the redeeming love and pity of the divinely human soul.

As soon as the sin-burdened one accepts and realizes the holy love that offers itself unto it, a new life is imparted to it. This new life becomes at once an active force towards the dispelling of the clouds of gloom and despair, and a real power towards the throwing off of many of the symptoms of spiritual ill. Thus, *e.g.*, the voice of hope is heard where only the silence of death or the cry of anguish prevailed. Love as the Redeemer thus transforms itself at the outset into a power working subjectively towards the dissipation of the night of sorrow. And with returning life the feeble soul begins to re-assert its divine right to live. Also by the working of the law of sympathy it is

actually relieved of much of its load of woe by the very fact that its redeeming angel bears so much of it. For, while it is a truth that every soul must bear the penalty of its own sin, there is another truth which claims to be set beside it, and it is, that love can share the penalty of sin with the loved one. That love can actually remove sorrow and give the buoyancy of happy youth where there was only the depression of hoary age; that love can infuse such a new spirit into the weary, desponding and forlorn soul that night is turned into day, tears to smiles, misery to mirth, and death to life, is one of the commonest experiences of the human soul. But in the work of the Redeemer there is something more than even this. For, when the pure Christ-soul merges itself into the defiled or corrupt state of the one it would redeem, and when its offices are accepted, it takes upon itself, as it were, the evil conditions or effects of evil inherent in that soul. It draws the spiritual poison out of that defiled state, and becomes for a period charged, as it were, with the poisonous infection. Thus it actually bears the evils of the sins of the feeble one in its own body and in its very substance. And it is only by the purification of the spirit of the inmost One that it too is lifted out of the sad condition. It is only by ascending unto the hill of God and by dwelling in the holy place that it is enabled to throw off the load that it has, by the power of a subtle sympathy, taken upon it.

Hence it is that the Christ-soul must, in order that it continue to do its redemptive work, betake itself ever and anon unto the mountain where it may be alone in prayer with God. There it is recuperated, there it is charged anew with the divine energy, there its forces are so restored that it delivers itself of its heavy burden. And in this holy communion it receives the garments of joy for the spirit of heaviness, it receives new life from the inexhaustible fountain of all life wherewith to return once more to the heavy and depleting work of redeeming love. And, by as much as the Christ-soul takes upon it the evil poison of the state of the sin burdened one, by so much is this one relieved of its load.

And so it may go on redeeming until the

bitterness, the burning or acrid poison of evil, is taken out of the substance, and it is at length restored to the peace of the soul, in whose sorrow for sin there is even a sweetness.

For, a sorrow may remain, and, indeed, it is well when a sorrow does remain for the lost opportunities of doing good, and for the evil done in the past. But it is a sorrow that is unto life, and not unto death. It is unto purification and general progress. Every tear of that sorrow is indeed as the dew of the Spirit, watering the tender growth of the divine life. This weeping is still of the work of redemption, for it is the new-born Christ-soul in you that sorrows over the lost past, only there is no bitterness in it, for the poison element has been withdrawn by the great love.

Nor does this sorrow remain. By the impetus of the new life, you are now sent forth to work while it is day, seeking in all eagerness to redeem the time that has been lost, doing what you can, by the life of active service, by practical love-work, to make up for past arrears, serving God by serving the creation.

And thus it is that the deepest sorrow will be effaced from your soul; thus it is that the last tear will be dried from your eyes. For when your own heart can truly commend you for your life of love, then you may have confidence Godward, and hope that He who is purer than your heart may say unto you: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

A Sermon, lately preached at the Parish Church of Middle Claydon, Winslow, by the Rev. Arthur Gordon, M.A.

There are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all.—I. Cor. xii. 6.

THIS is almost a Christian proverb. Long use has taught us to hold it as something very near a platitude. When we read the verse, or hear it read, we do not care to examine it; we pass it lightly by. And yet, in this case, apparent

simplicity covers one of the oldest and toughest problems of our race—how to harmonise unity and difference. How can God be the same, and yet manifest diversity of working ; how can He maintain His identity and yet perpetually change ; how can a vast eternal One dwell with a countless, restless many ?

I could bring illustrations from many sources, some of them far enough away ; from Indian seers of long ago and Greek philosophers ; from ancient books, and still more ancient thoughts, as well as from the wisdom of the present. But I prefer to begin with something much nearer home, with the actual life of every one of us.

As surely as you and I awake to conscious will, we find in our experience the difficulty of making a consistent whole out of oneness and diversity. No sooner has a child learned to say 'I,' and to use that discovery in choosing his own way, than he finds this 'I' is only one of a multitude, and that there are many ways of life around him, some of which are directly opposed to his own. In fact these two aspects of things are closely connected together ; he would not know himself if he had not been confronted with others, he would not be aware of the reality of others, if he had not become alive to himself. Now what is he to do ? Is he to submit tamely to every assertion of another's claim—of parent, of master, of neighbour—whether he sees the justice of that claim or no ; or is he to press and labour and contrive that his desire, right or wrong, may prevail alone, and all his world give place to him ? He may try either plan, or sometimes the first and then the second,—or he may declare that both are unworkable ; but the triumph of a wise conduct of life is to reconcile the two ; to be both free in one's own spirit and bound to the service of all ; true to the light one finds within, yet giving deference, honour and submission wherever these are due.

Sometimes the question may touch us in another shape. We are in the thick of the press ; the complexity of men's powers and strivings is all round us ; for better or worse our gift is set in rivalry with the rest ; what shall we say or think ? Shall we fall into a feeble depreciation of ourselves,

a constant wailing that our capacity is only what it is, and that we cannot add to it the fine qualities of this man or of that; or shall we give way to a futile determination to appreciate no form of energy except our own, to let the image of our little strength swell and swell until, for us, it fills the universe? We may choose if we please, but the reasonable man makes for something beyond the alternative; he can admire mighty gifts, and yet stir up that smaller thing which is in him; he can find a place for whatever efficiency he has, without ignoring the variety and force of operations different from his best endeavours.

If we turn to educational matters we find the same difficulty. Every teacher has a form of traditional instruction handed down to him from his predecessors, which is more or less worthy, and more or less suited to the average child. But here are his scholars looking up at him, all of them possessed of a certain individuality, and some of them as fresh and quick and eager as boys or girls can be. How shall he proceed? Shall he press down all alike to the old dull level of conventionality, or shall he, on the other hand, stimulate every appearance of originality until it passes into that which is foolish and eccentric? He may come to one conclusion or the other, but the right art, here also, is to combine sameness with diversity.

And what of the great sea of social life with its innumerable characters and movements, and purposes and tendencies? Is it well to be, literally, all things to all men; to see the force of Liberalism to-day, and admit the weight of Conservatism to-morrow; to try to give an impartial hearing to every scheme of every thinker; to be universally hospitable to ideas, and at last to embrace with gentle tolerance all men's efforts, without any preference and without any passion? Or is it well to feel from the outset the necessity for organisation and control; to realise that there must be a vigorous executive moving in a single direction, if we are to have anything like well ordered progress? The best course to pursue is to refuse to answer both questions, and repeat once more: unity in difference, sameness through diversity is the social watchword also.

So we come to the more directly religious sphere, and the immediate context of the verse I read to you. I know, of course, that St. Paul wrote in a time of religious excitement; his converts belonged to the dawn of a new faith, and it is impossible to measure the mystic fervour and the highly-wrought emotion which may have filled men and women under such circumstances. We must not expect that all the Apostle's words will be verifiable by us, or that the list of spiritual gifts he draws up can be matched in our experience. Yet still the chapter has its message of help and power if we will listen to its meaning. But there are two preliminary questions. The first is this—what did St. Paul think of when he wrote about the church, or the body of Christ? To such a question, now-a-days, the answer is apt to be—the church is that which is not the chapel; because our most familiar handling of the word church is in its customary distinction from things or institutions which have taken a different title. But there are many reasons which go to prove that St. Paul cannot have meant that; the first, and probably sufficient reason, being this, that the opposition between church and chapel was not even heard of for ages after his time. And in something of the same way we might dispose of other answers; St. Paul cannot have meant a building, cannot have meant any one congregation, cannot have meant the Church of Rome, and so on. What did he mean? Everything points to the inspiring conclusion that by the church, which is Christ's body, the Apostle intended to signify that part of mankind which is touched and leavened by Christ's spirit. Nothing more and nothing less than that. Wherever you find anything Christian, anything true enough to be Christian, anything good enough to be Christian,—there is a portion of the church. It may be found within so-called Christian nations or outside them: it may be in Jew or Gentile, bond or free,—but wherever found it must be acknowledged, wherever found it is a mark of the church of Christ. This is the grand primary meaning of the church. All other meanings are for ever secondary. We may talk of the church of the Pope, the Greek church, the English church;

we may talk of gathering together a church, or of worshiping within the walls of a church, but not any of these or all of them together, even approach the filling of that thought which represented the church for St. Paul. Compare these after-thoughts, these lesser things, to the engines which chain down the force of steam to uses of every day. The power of steam is a universal thing, not to be limited or monopolised here or there; but we construct machines of varied design to concentrate or generate the energy for purposes of our own. So with the might of Christian life; that is universal, unlimited—but in our divers ‘churches’ we seek to generate, or concentrate, or spread abroad the force of righteous living which we long to turn to use on every side.

My desire and forecast with regard to church affairs is that all shall come to recognise the primary sense of the word as the only full and worthy interpretation of it; that all shall intend to name the Christian spirit and the Christian life, wheresoever it may be manifested, when they name the Christian church; while for the ‘churches’—these engines and instruments of the church—I claim a thorough reform, and a far more effectual action. Why, for example, should not this old Church of England of ours, with its well worn customs, its too unchanging doctrines, its ambiguous rubrics, its section of foolish clergy, its share of not less foolish laity—why should not this old church be taken in hand by the people of this country, claimed as what it is, their own church, expanded and modernised and brought into touch with the actual needs of the present, so that all the best religious thinking, and all the best religious effort in the land might gravitate naturally to its borders, and it might become a very type and pattern of the grandest spiritual machinery now to be attained?

The second question concerns the gifts themselves. What are spiritual gifts? Gifts surely that proceed from the most moving part of our nature, and can avail to move the lives of others. Nothing else is worth calling a ‘spiritual’ gift. Here, then, appears a grave warning. It is possible to take part in Christian worship, to pray

or read, to sing or to instruct ; it is possible also, in private life, to exercise a supposed faculty of edification, to exhort or advise, to chide or to encourage ; and yet never to approach the realm of the spirit. And it is abundantly possible for a man or woman with no consciousness of a calling, with no parade of speech, perhaps without any words at all, by the mere constraining healthfulness of a pure heart, to prophesy, to understand, to discern, to heal, to do mighty works.

Dealing now with the main effect of the passage, the principal thing it can do, as it seems to me, is to reassure us. Spiritual power has manifold grades ; the chilling sense that we have no aptitude for helping or raising our neighbours need not oppress us, because the absence of conscious fitness may be the very secret of a great ability to do good. Do you remember the little girl in Browning's poem, who went singing along the road on her yearly holiday ; singing out of mere gladness and innocence of heart, without a thought of accomplishing anything by her song, still less of reaching or touching her fellows. Yet such is the range of life at its best, and so closely do all fates and all circumstances hang together in this world, that the overhearing of this child's melody, and nothing more than that, brought about the decisive testing of many characters on a single day. No want of the qualities that make men prophets or teachers or even trusted advisers : no difference whatever in our nature from the character we ourselves prize most in friend or brother, can exclude us from the ranks of the spiritually gifted. There is at least a tonic property in every wholesome soul ; we can give a breath of cheer and hope if we have nothing else to give.

And now, as to wider matters still. What diversity of workings appears in the great order of things which God has made to pass before our minds ; differences in the primary elements ; complexity of chemical relations ; link above link in the upward chain of life ; wonderful variety in the record of history ! Here is the clue to the multitude of creeds, and opinions, and philosophies. If the world had only one face we should all be of the

same belief; but when some study mainly the stars in their courses, and some confine themselves to the most minute researches into the dust beneath our feet, and some take living creatures for their province, and some read only history, what should we find but what we do find—opposing views and contrary interpretations? We must wait for the man who is great enough to prove to us, once for all, the real order beneath the seeming confusion.

But this is not all; there is a more striking diversity yet to be dealt with. What of the contrast between health and sickness, joy and sorrow, life and death, right and wrong, progress and reaction? Here is the chief clue to scepticism. If we were all saints, I suppose there would be very few who would stand outside the Christian fold; if life were all sunshine, and pain were banished along with change and chance, I suppose there would be hardly any doubters of God. How strange it is, and how difficult! Is there any solution except in the conviction that God cannot shorten or lighten His labour by a single degree? He will exhaust every conceivable diversity of working, and overcome every possible discord, before He attains to harmony or claims peace. And our wisdom is to take this thought with us into life and make practical use of it every day; to make it bear on the friction of social intercourse, on the rivalries of public work, on the bewildering host of cures that are offered for our nation's troubles, on the possibilities of service which come before us, on the difficulties of finding truth, and on the harsher difficulties of fighting against evil. In spite of the countless points of view, and openings for every sort of decision; in spite of the hardness and the darkness, to cling to the verdict, 'All things work together for good,' and to the hope, 'God will be all in all'; not because we see the way, but because we are bound to find a way, —this is the highest faith, this is the truest rest.

UNITY AND VARIETY IN RELIGION.

BY WILFRED VINER.

(Concluded from page 300).

V.

GENERAL CONCLUSION.

Perplexed in faith yet pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

—TENNYSON.

As scientific knowledge or inference depends upon experiment as well as upon observation, so the application of our subject is of great importance. We have endeavoured to draw a picture, to state the case as clearly as possible in modern light, pointing out the direction in which many minds are to-day trending. We intend our concluding remarks to apply to the rapidly increasing class of educated Englishmen who are growing or have already grown dissatisfied with the so-called 'orthodox faith' of their country. Some of these are unreserved, and openly admit their dissatisfaction, others conceal it from all but intimate sympathetic acquaintances.

There is a wide difference between those who assume an intermediate position of a suspended belief and the position of the extreme left who declare the unknowableness of deity and the inutility of any religion. Many who decline tradition and authority are persuaded that a religion is indispensable for the ennoblement of the individual, and the moral improvement of humanity, yet they feel that their intellectual religious needs are not met by the popular creeds and the established forms of teaching and worship. What are they to do? Are these to drift into the camp of the enemies of religion, obliged to attend the lectures of Agnostics, Positivists or Ethical teachers, where they will be invited to worship their fellow creature man, in place of their creator, God, and to believe that morality without religion is a satisfactory guide of life? Are they to lose the benefits and advantages

of assemblage, and passively yield a worship of the silent sort at the altar of the higher power in the 'cathedral of immensity'? Has not the time come for the unorthodox to assume an active rather than a passive attitude, to deny the charge of irreligiousness by avowing their profession of a belief which they are prepared to accept as a satisfactory aim and guide for their lives? They have a religion which is sound and practicable if they accept 'the simple elements of moral and religious truth that underlie all theologies,'† for, as has been well said, 'every step that is truly forward is a backward step towards the essences of things.*' This is no new religion, it is the oldest and most comprehensive belief in the world.

Its root doctrines are as fresh to-day as ever, having stood the test of the soundest philosophy and the most reliable researches of science. All religions coincide in reference to the higher power and the spiritual world. All civilised religions teach a higher life. All churches are in various stages of evolution. Some are clinging to the complexities that have evolved from the simplicities basing their beliefs upon supernatural histories, or the authoritative instructions of teacher, book or church. Others are eliminating doctrines and dogmas that are now no longer tenable, embracing in their stead schemes of thought that can be intellectually esteemed. On all hands there seems to be a continual progress towards the light of the coming day. 'All that is necessary will be done in time; if not by us, then by others.' †

The transition stage through which the religious world is passing seems to be in accordance with the law of a Providence who works through a series of progressive changes. Man's enlightened views of the universe and the serviceable supremacy he has obtained over the forces of nature have been acquired by a slow process of investigation and experiment. Why then should we be asked to believe in the finality of creeds or the stability of book revelations? Our opinions on all topics have to be modified with increased know-

† Theodore Parker.

* Professor Freeman.

† J. Page Hopps.

ledge. Is it not then reasonable to suppose that as a reward for diligent research man is gradually ascending to higher conceptions of the Infinite, sublimer explanations of the universe and nobler ideas of devotion and duty than were vouchsafed under the regime of historical churches ?

May it not be that 'all the religions of the world are merely sects of natural religion,'* that humanity is on the road to this faith ; that the old beliefs have been useful in the past, in days when the people in general have had to take their religious beliefs upon prescription, that sublime truths have been all the while blended with teaching that some now consider erroneous, and that we are now on the way to a reasonable religion that combats infidelity in all its forms on the one hand and the varied dogmatic assertions of orthodoxy on the other ?

If the recognition of universal religion is to be of any practical use it should prove itself able to do the work of a religion, supplying humanity with an object of worship and inspiring men with a sense of duty which regulates the conduct and leads to unselfish lives.

After all, most that we have said refers to our religious beliefs. A haven of refuge is found for those who are tossed about on the ocean of unbelief, in doubt and perplexity, but we must remember that religion has a moral element as well as an intellectual one. It has to be lived as well as believed. It is not our intention to propose schemes of destruction or reconstruction, nor to recommend any particular faith ; we would only point out that religious communities may be found in our Metropolis and elsewhere, where 'the unity in diversity' of religious belief is conceded, where the worship will not provoke a continued warfare within, nor the teaching offer for consideration propositions which the modern unbeliever conscientiously considers unwarrantable and erroneous ; and we conceive it to be the duty and privilege of every seeker after truth who has found a reasonable basis for a religious belief outside the pale of authority to join those so-called 'unorthodox' pioneers of modern religious thought who are fight-

* Diderot.

ing the cause of liberty if he is satisfied that the new impetus is in accordance with the evolutionary purposes of a Providence who is throwing upon this age the search-light which more clearly reveals His intentions as to the religion of the future.

A GLIMPSE OF HELL.

THE Trafalgar Square meeting was held just too late for any reference to it last month, but it is not yet too late to put on record a reminiscence, especially as reports have differed. It is a subject one would gladly dismiss, but the moral of it is most important: and it has its uses as a sign of the times.

I had one of the very best positions for observing the whole scene at a glance, and, as the little group to which I was attached chanced to be specially protected, there was nothing to distract one's attention from deliberate observation. The scene, as Carlyle might have said, was significant of much: and that is the reason for this attempt to describe it.

Looking from my point of vantage, the vast square and its approaches (except parts of the roads) right away from the National Gallery to the Grand Hotel, seemed full of faces and hats; and frequently looked like a sea of threatening arms, clenched fists and brandished sticks—a sad but most instructive object-lesson as to what lies behind the pitiful hypocrisy of the assailants of The Transvaal.

But not 'hypocrisy' on the part of thousands of the poor misguided fellows who yelled on that miserable Sunday afternoon. They were only the crop. The seed was sown by those poisoners of the people's minds—*The Daily Mail*, *The Sun*, *The Evening News*, and other newspapers, whose lies ignorant working-men took for gospel truth. That is how the working classes have always been manipulated:—first fooled, then inflamed, then used.

But our story waits. The instant our chairman commenced to speak, about two thousand of

the heads and hats turned our way, with a fearful yell; though, as usual, a great number were perhaps peacefully inclined. A dreadful being jumped on a bench and acted as fugleman to about fifty dirty boys, many hundreds of sturdy men and a group of very highly-groomed 'gentlemen,' all dressed alike and all making the most hideous faces and emitting the most horrible yells.

The chairman at once called upon me, but it was useless. Howls, as of lost souls in pain, seemed to fill the square; for similar scenes were being enacted all over the square at the various speaking centres. One butcher-looking man pointed to me, held up his neck and passed his finger over it excitedly,—a capital bit of pantomime, very expressive of his desire to cut my throat. This was done again and again. Presently, a group of ruffians beckoned me to come down from the luckily well-protected balustrade, and vehemently acted the performance of jumping on me and wiping me out on the slabs. Scores of others brandished knobbed sticks, or held up their clenched fists and shook them as they yelled. Dozens of fellows put their hands to their faces and made indecent gestures, with horribly distorted countenances. One Jewish-looking man repeatedly pulled out a cheque book and brandished it with furious gestures. I gathered that he wanted me to understand that we were paid, probably judging us by himself, or not comprehending how anyone could be such a fool as to work for love or mere duty. All this time, thousands were yelling 'Rule Britannia' and proclaiming, what certainly needed a good deal of proclaiming (and proving), that they never would be slaves.

I have seen many crowds and heard many cries of interruption, but, after a long hour's study of that crowd on Sunday, I can truly say that I never saw anything as brutal, as pathetic, as almost tragic. But I certainly understand better than I did the evil spirit which lies behind all this devilry of aggression and war; and never felt more profoundly the need of instruction and civilisation in this, in some respects, 'city of dreadful night.'

Passing over to Charing Cross Station, the first thing I saw was Smith's bookstall driving a

roaring trade (on Sunday afternoon !) and, prominently placed near the stall, I saw a large placard, headed 'The Rialto' (surely a Jewish and financial flavour!). All the rest of the placard was filled with these words, 'WAR IS A GOOD THING. PUSH IT ON!' -

Since the meeting, the usual missives by post have arrived. All these teach the same lesson, and nothing could better shew the loathsome spirit of these poisoners of the water of life. Here are extracts from one of these;—'You ought to be shot. It's a pity that one of those knives did not reach you. Hypocrite! Humbug!! Villain!!!'

Of course it is not pleasant to touch this unclean thing; but is it not our duty to hold the mirror up to—truth, and to really see the world we are living in?

J.P.H.

Our honoured friend, George Jacob Holyoake, writing in *The Brighton Herald*, says:

The meeting in Trafalgar Square was arranged under circumstances of propriety and fitness, with the rightful object of discussing the reasons which might determine the Government to peace. Mr. Hodgson Pratt, a gentleman known throughout Europe for his advocacy of arbitration preceding war, Mr. Felix Moscheles, distinguished alike in literature and Art, (and others,) were pelted from the platform and had to run for their lives. But for the protection of the police, given with great judgment and readiness, they would have been seriously maltreated. Mr. Moscheles relates in *Concord* that the view from the plinth of Nelson's Column was that of a savage mob with fists shaking, missiles flying,—knives among them,—with cries of 'traitors' directed against them. He adds, 'I have seen the like of those faces when Hell was let loose on earth in Germany in 1849, and in France at the time of the *coup d'état*, and in 1871, when Paris stood in flames.' Music hall audiences were emptied into the square, the ruffians of Whitechapel, City men engaged in speculation, and the bitterer members of Conservative Clubs were there, shouting 'Traitor' against the noble advocates of peace, just as in France similar mobs shouted against those who were in favour of judicial justice. The Trafalgar meeting was an assault by the audience upon disinterested speakers who sought to enlighten them. There is a cry for blood in the streets, which all caring for national honour and humanity or progress are called upon to discountenance or discourage.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE TRANSVAAL.

CAMPAIGN NOTES DAY BY DAY.

Intended to 'hold the mirror up to'—thieves.

I.

RED INDIANS IN LONDON.

(With apologies to the Indians).

THE atrocious temper of a certain section of the population of London is almost appalling. It fully accounts for the manufacture of falsehoods and their ready belief: and if it is as true as it is said to be, that newspaper refugees from the Rand are at their old work in London, instead of in Johannesburg, we can perfectly well understand the roughish treatment they occasionally got from the outraged guardians of law and order.

Take *The Evening News*, with its delirious welcoming of the rumour that war had commenced, and its brutal comments upon it. Here are some of its Red Indian war whoops:—'The Boer generals are a bad, brutal, wily and treacherous lot.' 'Cronjé is a rough, coarse brute of a man.' Schalk Burger is 'a political rogue.' Malan 'believes in a divine inspiration that calls for the extirpation of every English man, woman and child.' 'War has begun, and the Stock Exchange is metaphorically waving its helmet with enthusiasm.' 'Wipe,' is said to be the watchword. 'We shall now wipe them out once for all.' 'Seized Laings' Nek have they? . . . Well, it won't be long before their own necks are seized—and wrung.' And this Red Indianism pays! It did in Johannesburg. Or if it did not pay, it was handsomely paid for.

In the midst of it all, comes the whisper, not loud but deep, that the men who may have to do this bloody business don't like it. And there really is something too disgusting, and too much like murder, in shooting down these farmers and their boys, in their homely clothes, to make it pleasant work to grind out blood and death in this case. *And all for what?*—for so-called 'grievances,' more than half lies: and for a franchise that nobody seems to want!

How does the poor old Queen, in these her last days, like it? How far is the Prince of Wales, Rhodes' intimate friend, eager for it?

II.

SUZERAINTY.

It is ancient history now, and a poor, stale, miserable controversy, for, as all the world knows, our grievances, requests and demands have been mere excuses. But it is just as well to put it on record as widely and as plainly as possible, that Mr. Chamberlain's revival of 'suzerainty,' with the help of a dead and buried preamble, was a palpable lie,—a sharper's

trick, to trip up the man with the gold. Sir Wm. Harcourt put it well when he said;—

‘It so happens that in the case of this particular document we possess what seldom happens, not only the draft, but the instructions for the drafting. So far from providing that this preamble of 1881 “shall remain untouched,” the first thing included in a black line to be omitted is the preamble of the Convention of 1881, which affirms the suzerainty, and the next thing is a new preamble to be inserted in its place, wherein all mention of the suzerainty is omitted. To leave no room for doubt, at the conclusion of the draft, where the assent of the delegates is set out, the recital from the Convention of 1881 as to the suzerainty is expressly expunged.’

III.

THE PARABLE OF THE HOUNDS.

The following has been translated from *Nieuws Van den Dag*.

‘The stern old Boers, when they had Jameson and his fellow-officers in their hands, determined to execute the leaders of the band at daybreak. The meeting took place in President Kruger’s house, twenty being present, of whom the great majority, wild with indignation at the sudden inroad into their territory, were for shooting the British officers at once.

‘President Kruger opposed this summary plan, and used all his eloquence and all his influence on behalf of the prisoners. For a long time his efforts were vain. It was four o’clock in the morning, and the President’s opponents were still for execution. The lives of the foreigners hung by a thread.

‘At length General Joubert, one of the few who agreed with the President, had recourse to the old-time Boer method of convincing his hearers. He made use of a parable.

“‘Friends,” he said, “will you not listen to my voice once more? Suppose that close to my farm lives a bad neighbour who keeps fierce hounds in his house, worrying my sheep exceedingly, and also killing some. What, then, would you have me to do? Should I kill the hounds to be free of this worry? Truly my neighbour would say unto me, “Thou hast killed my hounds, yet their value is greater than the value of your sheep. Pay thou me!” Is it not better that I should take the hounds, and going into my neighbour’s house, say, “These are thine; now pay me for the harm they have done my flock?”’

‘There was silence, and the General continued: “We have caught the pack. Is it not better to send them to the British Government with demands for reparation, lest the British send more hounds to worry us anew?”’

‘The old form of argument proved successful. The wisdom of moderation became apparent, and the council of war accepted the advice of their chiefs.’

Yes, the merciful Republicans sent the hounds home, but they were not recompensed; and more hounds are being sent to worry the Republic; and the original hounds are among them; and we add insolence to injury, and lying to robbery and we are ‘A Christian nation.’

A CATARACT OF LIES.

We deliberately say that a certain portion of the English Press has been guilty of a wicked and, unfortunately, successful attempt to poison the minds and inflame the passions of the people of this country. The motives may have varied, but the end sought was the same: and this applies to respectable papers like *The Times* as well to gutter prints like the widely-circulated *Daily Mail* and *Evening News*:—a perfect cataract of lies. At the last stage of this odious business, for instance, when there was just a faint chance of keeping the peace, there came out a suspiciously unanimous torrent of 'Boer atrocities,' 'Englishman kicked to death,' and the like. What happened? The whole dwindled down in three or four days to this telegram from Cape Town;—

'The stories of alleged Boer ill-treatment of refugees are largely the creation of an excited correspondent's imagination. In the general rush to the frontier, of course, much discomfort was experienced by refugees. Some of these are men of the lowest type, and while the train stopped at Kroonstad they entered the town and assaulted a female coloured domestic servant. This led to a struggle between the townspeople and these refugees.

'Mr. Schreiner, the Prime Minister, read in Parliament to-day an official report from the Free State Government, confirming my telegram this morning regarding the assault on a coloured girl by refugees at Kroonstad.

'Mr. Schreiner added that on another occasion the refugees caused a scene by the use of obscene language to the police at Kroonstad when the burghers engaged in loading wagons for a commando went to the assistance of the police, and those who had whips used them.

'There is no foundation for the statement regarding an assault by burghers on women.'

So, then, it turns out that the refugees themselves caused the trouble, as we quite expected, knowing how some of them have been behaving in Johannesburg. But it would be simply impossible to follow the London papers through their daily sludge of falsehoods and abuse of everything and everyone that stood for peace and goodwill in these latter days. We have referred, on previous occasions, to various specimens of their rowdiness; but here is a glimpse of something different. A writer in *The Daily Mail* was allowed to say, on the leader page, that the 1884 Convention with the Transvaal concluded with a declaration strongly asserting the suzerainty of the Queen; and this he quoted. What is the fact? That declaration came at the end of the 1881 Convention, and was deleted by Lord Derby himself when he compiled the new Convention of 1884. The passage, with the marks of deletion, appears in a late blue book. A letter was sent to *The Daily Mail* correcting this. *It was not allowed to appear*; and the misleading lie was allowed to go. In ways like this the minds of uninstructed millions in London and in the provinces, have been poisoned and led away from the truth, by *The Sun*, *The Daily Mail*, *The Evening News*, *The Globe*, and *The*

St. James' Gazette, and to some extent by *The Telegraph*, *The Standard*, *The Times* and even *The Daily News*.

As for 'brutalities': here, this very morning, in a London paper, we find a long list of cases of assault in that saintly city, with pistols, soda water bottles and knives. And yet we are going to fight for the poor peaceful 'helots' in Johannesburg!

Mr. Courtney, in his sane and entirely wholesome speech, at Liskeard, said the very words wanted;—

'I protest that in many newspapers there has been during the last six weeks a systematic outpouring of lies.'

The Morning Leader has been splendid in its gibbeting of these lies. Here is one of its latest exposures;—

'Our Yellow Press may be said to have touched bottom yesterday in the falsehoods it shrieked through London with reference to the destruction of an armoured train by the Boers. "Armoured Train Destroyed," screamed the "War on Wednesday" scribes. "Refugee Women and Children Killed. Dastardly Outrage. Official Confirmation of the Awful News." Needless to say there was not in the telegram a syllable about women and children; and what was officially confirmed was merely the statement that a train had been destroyed. The introduction of women and children into the matter was an atrocious bit of sheer invention which was not only flatly contradicted by later information, but which earlier information about movements on the railway showed to be in the last degree dubious. . . . But what does the Yellow Press care for probabilities? Enough if it can turn a few dishonest half-pennies and excite Jingo animosity, even at the cost of harrowing those who may thus be made without reason to mourn the supposed death of relatives.

'Another disgraceful example of the methods of the "War on Wednesday" Press is to be seen in the strange case of Mr. Lanham. Five days ago he was described, with the usual wealth of head-line, as an "Englishman Kicked to Death by Boers," and the incident was said to be the "Latest Boer Murder." On the following day the public was treated to "Details of the Doing-to-Death of Mr. Lanham"—the horrible and circumstantial details. Yet on Wednesday last the Cape Town correspondent of the *Times* telegraphed;—

"Mr. Lanham, a prominent member of the South African League, who was said to have died from the effects of an assault committed by Boers, after which he was conveyed to goal, was released on Tuesday on bail, and has left Krugersdorp."

'And this account was corroborated by the Cape Town correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, who telegraphed on the same day;—

"I am glad to say that Mr. Lanham, who was said to have been put to death by the Boers, was seen yesterday alive and well."

'History repeats itself. In the troubles of 1881, the Boers were subjected to the same sort of treatment by "patriots," who substitute "lie" for "die" in the maxim that "it is sweet and honourable to die for one's country." The sort of temper that permits such acts was rightly stigmatised at the time by Sir Pomeroy Colley, who wrote to the British

Government; "I hate this atrocity-manufacturing and its effects on the man, tending to make them either cowards or butchers." It would of course be a mere waste of time to address any remonstrance to the Yellow Press. But we put it to the public, whose influence in this matter is in the long run paramount, whether it desires to enter the present war in the proud and generous spirit of sportsmanlike Englishmen or in the dust and mire of what has been aptly termed a "carnival of defamation."

We are profoundly sorry to say that, in our opinion, the war that has been forced upon the two Republics is purely a war of greed on the one hand, and wholesale lying on the other.

As an illustration of aggravating injustice, just on the verge of lying, if not quite over, here is an extract from *The Daily News* ;—

'At the time of the Raid, when the Uitlanders were in revolt the following assurances were given to them :

"Now I address you with confidence! Strengthen the hands of the Government, and work together with them to make this Republic a country where all inhabitants, so to say, live fraternally together. . . . Inhabitants of Johannesburg, make it possible for the Government to appear before the Volksraad with the motto "Forget and Forgive."—Proclamation by President Kruger, Jan. 10, 1896."

'In what way the President has carried out his assurances is sufficiently set forth in the Uitlanders' petition.'

Not a word about the behaviour of these same Uitlanders! The whole blame is, as a matter of course, put upon Mr. Kruger. But Mr. Kruger invited these conspirators and rowdies to 'strengthen the hands of the Government' and to 'work together' 'fraternally.' But they did not. They never ceased to foment strife, to vilify him and to make pleasant relations impossible: and among the worst of these mischief-makers was Rhodes' man, the 'own correspondent' of *The Daily News*.

V.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

In the celebrated picture, Dignity and Impudence are represented by two dogs. *The Daily News* combines them in one sentence,—perhaps the most curiously impudent thing a prolonged discussion has produced. In one of its leaders it says; 'What we are all waiting and wanting to find out is the real reason for his Honour's (Mr. Kruger's) apparent determination to force matters to a warlike issue.' And, all the time, it has been so evident that the Republic slowly began to arm only when we began to threaten force, and on a large scale! But it seems that what we regard as vicious or threatening in others is perfect propriety or a pious duty in us.

VI.

GOD KEPT WAITING.

The great Church Congress was opened in London with a grand service in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the preacher. The service was delayed for half an hour, pending the arrival of the Lord Mayor, who was

engaged in the city helping the rowdies to yell their welcomes to the South Wales Lancers who were on their way to the Transvaal. When the excited Lord Mayor arrived, after this long wait, God was allowed to be worshiped. The choir sang 'Beautiful earth' and 'How lovely is Thy dwelling place, O Lord'; and the good Archbishop, ignoring the frightful insanity and wickedness of this country, in its greed and arrogance, and its 'haste to shed blood,' played on his little penny ecclesiastical trumpet something about peace between the fussy performers on other ecclesiastical penny trumpets. No wonder the reporter ends by saying:—

'The peace his Grace was talking about seemed so trifling beside the greater question of war or peace which was throbbing everywhere outside the quiet cathedral.'

VII.

BLASPHEMY.

'Infidels' are often accused of blasphemy, but the blasphemy frequently consists in expressions of contempt for the odious things imputed to God. Well, here is Lord James of Hereford saying grace before our bloody meal. Said he, 'We commend our country to the God of Battles and ask His blessing in the engagement on which we are about to enter.' 'Our country'! Why it is the country of the Republic that is in question! 'The God of Battles,' in any case, is a Pagan God. In this case, he is the Devil. Ask his blessing, Lord James!

VIII.

BULLY *versus* BOER.

Punch fairly well represents what will, for a time, be the popular lie,—that the Republicans have forced war. Its cartoon on the subject is worthy of a coarse butcher misled by a sharper. Chamberlain has very skilfully led up to this forcing of the Republicans' hands, and getting the ultimatum from them. In the present temper of the fighting Briton, represented by the music halls and Lord James, the butchers and *Punch*, he found it an easy game to play.

IX.

TRUE TO THE END.

We are keeping up our mean and cowardly hypocrisy to the end. Lord James, in his speech, said that now the world will see that the war is not of our making. How consistently we maintain our 'unctuous rectitude.'! Though not exactly of our declaration, all the world sees quite plainly that the war *is* of our making. What the world is saying is that the wonder is the Republicans waited so long while we prepared for the slaughter, and killed time before starting to kill them.

X.

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF US.

Here are a few typical opinions from foreign correspondents:—

'Gathering up every source of information, I can only say—and I almost transcribe the words of a minister who would

not allow his name to be used—that the policy of Mr. Chamberlain is regarded as utterly Jamesonian.’

‘M. Beernaert, President of the Chamber of Representatives, whose work at the Peace Conference is still fresh in the public mind, says;—“It is to me a cause of profound and bitter regret that England has been unable to profit by our labours at the Hague, especially as she herself took the leading part in bringing forward the proposals for a Court of Arbitration. I fully concur in the regret expressed by the French Jurisconsult, M. Desjardins, in his open letter to Queen Victoria, that England and the United States should oppose the inclusion of fresh signatories to that great instrument of peace. England undoubtedly had the Transvaal in mind when setting up this opposition. Officially I cannot pronounce on the merits of the dispute, but personally I consider it an unjust and cruel war.”’

‘General Brailmont, the renowned military authority, says;—“Don’t speak to me of the Transvaal! England’s loss of prestige is all the greater because she is regarded as the champion of justice and the protector of the weak. I myself have conversed with statesmen of every shade of opinion in this country, and in no instance have I heard a word of palliation or excuse on behalf of Britain.”’

‘M. Wiener, King’s Advocate, and a leading authority on international law, says;—“I have always placed England above other nations of the world, on account of her broad principles of justice of humanity; but I can no longer do so.”’

‘It is impossible to describe the feeling of pain and disappointment among the German friends of England, of whom there are more than is supposed. The great mass of the German middle classes are disgusted that England, hitherto foremost in every great national mission, should thus stain her fair name.

‘A warm admirer of England said to me to-day;—

“I am ashamed that I have hitherto defended your country against her detractors. A country which goes to war for the possession of gold mines, or to adjust some petty franchise claims, is not the England in which I have believed so many years.”’

‘On the eve of hostilities, the *Independent Belge* makes the following reflections;—

“This struggle is a disgrace to the people which rushes into it with blind fury; it is a disgrace to the statesmen who have wilfully provoked it, and it is an indelible stain on the name of the Sovereign who already has one foot in the grave, and whose memory till now, respectable and respected, is charged with one of the greatest crimes against civilization and humanity. Woe to England! This war will not bring her luck. There is a limit to the insolence of conquerors. The English may learn this even on the Transvaal battlefields. This is the secretly, nay, openly expressed wish of half the Continent of Europe.”

‘French opinion is intensely hostile to England in the matter of the Transvaal war.

‘The *Journal* says that England is about to commit an infamy. There are Englishmen who know it and say so, but they are helpless against the cavalry of S. George (*i.e.*, money).’

XI.

'CLOSING THE RANKS.'

Even *The Chronicle* says that we must close our ranks, and all unite in desiring success for the British arms. That is impossible. It is hard enough to find ourselves committed to this frightful sin. It would be as odious as it would be base to wish the sinner success. We have been plotting robbery and murder, and we have been hypocrites and tricksters in our plotting, and now we are going to get what we want.

No: it is bad enough to be an Englishman just now. We must at least be allowed the small consolation of wishing that it were possible for the Republicans to hold their own: and we are certain that multitudes in England feel like this.

XII.

A STRONG AND HONEST MAN.

Mr. Courtney cannot be sufficiently thanked and honoured for his noble and right manly speech at Liskeard. Its reference to Mr. Cecil Rhodes was exceedingly timely, as showing how natural it is for the South African Republicans to suspect us, as liars and thieves. Mr. Courtney reminded his audience that Mr. Chamberlain had said, in the House of Commons, that Mr. Rhodes had done nothing derogatory to his personal honour: and his audience cheered this. 'What?' said Mr. Courtney, 'Do you think that it is nothing derogatory to a man's personal honour to lie, to scheme, to rob his neighbour, to deceive his colleagues? Mr. Rhodes did all these things, and is it wonderful that the Boers, having this in their minds, should be distrustful of the people they are dealing with?'

Mr. Courtney recalled the fact that this rogue is still a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, but he would have greatly strengthened this remark if he had also said that he is the cherished friend of the Prince of Wales, Lord Rothschild, Mr. Balfour and all that set. How could the Republicans help drawing the conclusion that 'birds of a feather flock together'?

XIII.

A CLERICAL ROWDY.

The following is taken from *The Daily Chronicle*;—

'Prebendary Reynolds, preaching at Westminster Abbey yesterday morning from the first verse of the 27th Psalm, said that our country, as she had so often done before, had taken up the sword for the sake of the downtrodden and oppressed, she had raised her hand to shatter a tyranny which had galled her children until it had become intolerable. There was a time when patience was not a virtue but a sin, and when there was nothing to do but to strike and strike home.'

Many so-called Christian teachers have screamed like that. But even though they are drunk with rowdyism, they need not lie: and it is a lie to say that we are taking up the sword for the sake of the downtrodden and oppressed.

XIV.

POOR JESUS!

NOTES BY THE WAY.

OUR TESTIMONY.—There are many indications that our stand against the rowdies and war-promoters is not only appreciated but is also useful: but we know that two or three friends have shivered. We are sorry for them; but we are keeping true to our original compact. When we commenced, the very first paragraph of our Prospectus read thus: 'THE COMING DAY reads the word "Religion" in the light of the word "Humanity," and its subjects therefore take a wide range, dealing not only with the Church, but with the State and the Home. Above all things, it pleads for the faith that the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," stands for a great practical week-day reality, and not for a Sunday dream.'

We have never swerved from this, and, with God's help, we never will.

THAT FATAL JUBILEE.—We very strongly said at the time that that dreadful Jubilee would do incalculable harm, not because it was the Queen's Jubilee, but because the good lady chose to make it nothing but a naval and military display, —a barbaric spectacle of fighting men and their tackle. It was altogether a heathenish celebration and in vile taste: but it sowed the seed, and we are now reaping the harvest in a glorified Hooliganism which is as dangerous as it is disgusting. It has come to this,—that to be known as a lover of peace is to expose yourself to the grossest insults, and that it is dangerous to stand up in public and ask Englishmen to be just.

THE OUTLANDERS.—*The Morning Leader*, noticing a book on Johannesburg Life, by the Comtesse de Brémont, says that the writer is 'a strong supporter of the present Government's Transvaal policy.' If so, she does it an ill turn by publishing this book. *The Morning Leader* says; 'If the picture (of Johannesburg life) is only half true, the chief duty of the Transvaal Government towards the Uitlanders would be indicated by an extension of the goal rather than of the franchise. The aliens of Johannesburg have never given the world any special reason for supposing that they rose above the unpleasant level of a new mining community, but surely they could not have been quite such depraved and loathsome ruffians as Anna Comtesse de Brémont paints them.'

'GRAND' AND 'HEALTHY' READING.—*The Evening News*, on a prominent page, advertises its rowdy 'Penny Pictorial' thus:

'WAR!

'WAR!

'Every one who is fond of healthy, exciting fiction should read the grand stories, &c.'

This dreadful print has probably the largest circulation of any evening paper. So much for rowdy London!

THE ROWDIES' ORGAN.—*The Daily Mail* referred to the ferocious attack upon the preachers of peace, as a 'Splendid Imperialist Demonstration.' We think there was more 'Demon' than 'stration' in it. But what a confession this is as to the animus of 'Imperialism'!

DRIFTING RIGHT.—*The Christian World* keeps us in a lively condition of pleasant surprise. Referring to a note on Matthew xxviii., 19, it says; 'It is to be observed that our note, in speaking of the passage as "authentic" did not claim for it necessarily a place in the earliest form of Matthew. No one can say definitely what that earliest form did or did not contain.'

Is not that distinctly awful? If the Gospel according to Matthew is a part of the infallible 'Word of God,' where is it? It appears that 'the earliest (inspired?) form' is lost, and that no one can now say what was in it! But *The Christian World* is drifting in the right direction.

'LET US GO OUT AND KILL SOMETHING.'—In a late number of *The Echo*, these two bits of news appeared;

'INTERESTING ORNITHOLOGICAL CAPTURE.

'Keen interest has been roused amongst scientific ornithologists by the recent capture on Midgley Moor, in Yorkshire, of an undoubted grey plover, a female in summer plumage. The species has hitherto only been known as an autumnal visitor, in its non-breeding attire, to these shores. Further interest is imparted to the victim of a chance shot by the fact of the eggs and nesting habits of the species having only of late years become known to British naturalists. The grey plover breeds on the tundras of the Petchord, in Siberia.'

'Three specimens of the Numidian or Demoiselle crane have been shot in Suffolk by Mr. Morley, of Lavenham. Only two specimens are reported to have been previously shot in the United Kingdom.'

Is it not detestable? Here are beautiful rare birds shot: and that seems to be the duty of a good naturalist. One would have thought that any decent sort of man, to say nothing of a lover of nature, would like to help the visitor to take kindly to us. Heaven and God have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!

A PREJUDICED DICTIONARY.—A writer in *The Two Worlds* very properly draws attention to a disagreeable novelty in dictionary making, for which, we are sorry to say, Messrs. W. and R. Chambers are responsible, though the editor, Thomas Davidson, is probably the real sinner.

After citing certain unpleasant instances, the writer in *The Two Worlds* says;—'So, under "séance," after two ordinary definitions come the words "especially a meeting of Spiritualists and their dupes to receive their so-called communications from the unseen world." These remarks, however, are outdone in the comment upon "Spiritualism." After a definition to which no objection need be taken, we

have Mr. Davidson or some subordinate under imperfect control adding—"Unfortunately, the spirits of the great dead only rap on tables, move furniture about, float through the air in darkened rooms and write silly things on slates." Perhaps the writer thinks he has hedged by the phrase "great dead," but if so he shows ignorance, for spirit communion is essentially a matter of communications, not from the "great dead," as such, but from guides and one's dead friends, small or great.

'This sort of thing is surely something new in dictionaries, and it is difficult to believe that a display of spite in the name of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Limited, has the approval of the responsible heads of that company.'

RAM MOHUN ROY.—A thoughtful and accomplished young Indian, now studying in London, as a barrister, Mr. R. K. Doss, B.A., gave a delightful address a few days ago at the Free Christian Church, Croydon, on the great social and religious reformer, Raja Ram Mohun Roy. We rejoice to note, from time to time, the arrival in London of these bright young Theists. Their gentle enthusiasm is quite refreshing, and their sweet reasonableness inspires us with hope for India.

Mr. Doss went straight to the point, and brought into speedy prominence the leading characteristics of his great master;—his courage, zeal and devotion, his fine scholarship and patient work, his keen insight into the real needs of India and his really marvellous march up 'The hill of the Lord,' past even conventional Christianity to as pure a Theism as the world has ever known.

At the close of the Address, Mr. J. Page Hopps expressed the hope that Mr. Doss would go more fully into the subject, some Sunday morning, in the Church.

RED INDIANS AND WHITE.—The President of the Mexican Republic, President Diaz, lately, in a letter to a female relative, denounced in unmeasured terms the indiscriminate slaughtering of birds for the purpose of the ornamentation of ladies' hats, &c. Even, says the President, the utilisation in that way of the plumage of birds slaughtered for human food is to be deprecated as an evidence of bad taste. Senor Diaz cannot see the difference, from a sentimental point of view, between an old time Red Indian who strutted about adorned with the scalps of his slain enemies and the vain woman who thinks she enhances her charms by flaunting in her head-dress the plumage of a wantonly killed bird. Well done, President!

THE POLITICIAN, FROM THE DUTCH POINT OF VIEW.—*Land and Labour* tells the following story. We think we have seen it before, but it is seasonable. 'An old Dutchman had a son of whom he was very proud, and he adopted the following novel method by which to test the bent of the lad's mind. He slipped into the little fellow's room one morning, and placed on his table a Bible, a bottle of whisky and a

sovereign. "Now," said he to himself, "ven dot boy comes in if he takes dot sovereign, he's going to be a beesniz man; if he takes dot Bible he'll be a preacher; if he takes dot whisky he's no goot—he's goin' to be a drunkart." And he hid behind the door to see which his son would choose. Then in came the boy. He ran up to the table, picked up the sovereign and put it in his pocket; he picked up the Bible and put it under his arm: then he snatched up the bottle of whisky, took two or three drinks, and went out smacking his lips. The old Dutchman poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed, "Mine gootness! he vos going to be a politician."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

'ARE WE IN THE RIGHT? AN APPEAL TO HONEST MEN.' By W. T. Stead. London: 'Review of Reviews' Office. Alas! it is now, apparently, too late to stop one of the most odious wars of this century. The England which can best make itself heard is hounded on by the unloveliest survivals in us of the brute. If it were not so, this counterblast of Mr. Stead's might serve to sweep away at least the refuges of lies built by pirates and politicians of the baser sort. But, too late or not, everybody ought to read it. There are seventy-six large pages, and the price is only 6d.

'A SKETCH OF THE NEW ZEALAND WAR.' By Dr. Morgan S. Grace, C.M.G. London: Horace Marshall & Son. A kind of book much needed for the instruction of the British Philistine-Pharisee. An advertisement rightly and fittingly thus describes it:—"This is a book of disclosures, and is written by one who was in close and constant touch with both parties to the New Zealand war, in the capacity of surgeon and diplomatic agent. The Author has, to use his own words, tried to show "what blundering asses we were, and what fine fellows the Maori."'

'WILLIAMS V. STRICKLAND. A short account of the long contest (not yet finished) between Francis Haydn Williams, minister of the Flowergate Old Chapel, Whitby, and Sir Charles William Strickland, Bart., Lord of the Manor of Whitby.' With Photogravure Illustrations. 1s. Whitby: F. H. Williams. We must take Mr. Williams as we find him. People who have his feelings, and who will buckle up, to do as he does, are seldom celebrated for 'good taste.' Mr. Williams often makes us wince, but we have a great deal of sympathy with him, and Heaven knows we want men who will face these lords of the manor, and floor them if they can.

'COPENHAGEN.' Edited by Franz & Jessen. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. A lovely descriptive book, 'got up' in Copenhagen and published for 'The Danish Tourist

Society.' In every way a credit to the clever people who have had a hand in it, and who are mentioned in a note at the back of the title. The Government, the Town Council of Copenhagen and certain patriotic subscribers have, we are told, 'by their liberality made it possible to publish the book in a style adequately illustrating Danish enterprise and culture.' The price of the book in England is 2s.

RE-INCARNATION.

I REMEMBER, oh yes, I remember,
When light was beginning to dawn,
I floated about on the ether
A poor little atom forlorn.

And now on the darkness and chaos
Your form was the first to appear,
You are only a molecule, darling,
But such a sweet molecule, dear.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
The days that we spent in a pool
Among the Silurian meadows,
When things were beginning to cool.
Although I am sure I was happy,
I think our appearance was queer.
You were only a polliwog, darling,
But such a sweet polliwog, dear.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
The time that we spent in a cave.
I lately saw in a collection
Some bones you helped me engrave,
The plaques you now paint are quite different;
In art your improvement is clear.
You were only a troglodyte, darling,
But such a sweet troglodyte, dear.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
How life in Arcadia ran,
When wandering down by the river
We frequently met the god Pan;
That twist à la Psyche you're wearing
Brings those golden ages so near;
You were only a dryad, my darling,
But such a sweet dryad, my dear.

I remember, oh yes, I remember,
The first time you asked me to call;
A cycle has passed since that morning,
And one since last night at the ball.
The time is so long when you're absent
And passes so quick when you're here;
For you are my sweetheart, my darling,
And such a sweet sweetheart, my dear.

—Fudge.